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TUMBLETOES AND TED

AND OTHER STORIES

TUMBLETOES AND TED

and Other Stories

BY

OLIVIA R. SCOTT

Author of
"The Mis-Adventures of a Gingerbread Man"
and other stories

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
CUPPLES & LEON

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TUMBLETOES AND TED

TUMBLETOES was the name
of a funny old fellow;
One leg was red and one leg was
yellow.
There were flowers on his jacket
half as big as the moon;
He was dancing a jig to a jumbled-
up tune.

HIS red cap was pointed and
tipped with a bell,
And it bobbed and nodded — just
ask Ted to tell;
For Ted ran away and crawled
under the tent,
And this is the story of how
Teddy went.

TO a wonderful circus and heard
the big band,
And talked with the clown and
stood on his hand;
And the clown said, "I 'll give
you a pointer or two;
If you 're pretty gritty I think
you will do."

"WELL, I guess if you knew
that big Tommy Dool,
The trickiest fellow in Number 10
school—
But he 's nothing to me. I just
lay him out;
He 's simply nowhere, when I
come about."

"THEN, I dare say, you 'll pass,
when you 're on to the racket,"
Said the clown with a smile; "put on this gold jacket.
Just limber your pegs there, and stand on your head!"
"Oh! that 's nothing at all,"
Said smartest boy Ted.

WITH his hands in those trousers about a mile wide,
The clown winked one eye and took Ted aside.
"I think, little fell', you might like a race
On those dandy horses, at a spanking big pace.

"IT 's nothing at all — just act
smart and knowing,
And look straight ahead; they 'll
keep you going."
Then, quick as a wink, he gave
Ted the chance,
Slipped him up on their backs —
My! how they did dance!

AND Ted swung away to the
music — heigho!
'T was the jolliest, jolliest kind of
a go.
A-prancing and dancing and swing-
ing around,
Those wonderful horses scarce
touched the ground.

THEN up in the air, in the bright blazing light,
Swung a wonderful ring, just dazzling his sight;
And a beautiful fairy in diamonds and pink
Flew through that ring as quick as a wink.

"WELL, shiver my bones!"
said Ted at that Trick.
"My! did n't she do that up rather
slick!
I 'll go her one better; now, 'Zip!'
and here goes —"
Away went Ted and lit on his toes.

BUT, alas! lack-a-day, 't was not on the back
Of his fine Arab steeds, but only by Jack,
His proper big brother who had come to the show,
And simply remarked, "Rather sudden, you know!—
I think, my dear boy, my smart brother Ted,
Nurse will take you right home and put you to bed."

AND then — he woke up — and
then — he was glad;
For to give up to Jack always
made him so mad.
As to the clown and circus and all,
He 'd really and truly see them in
the Fall.

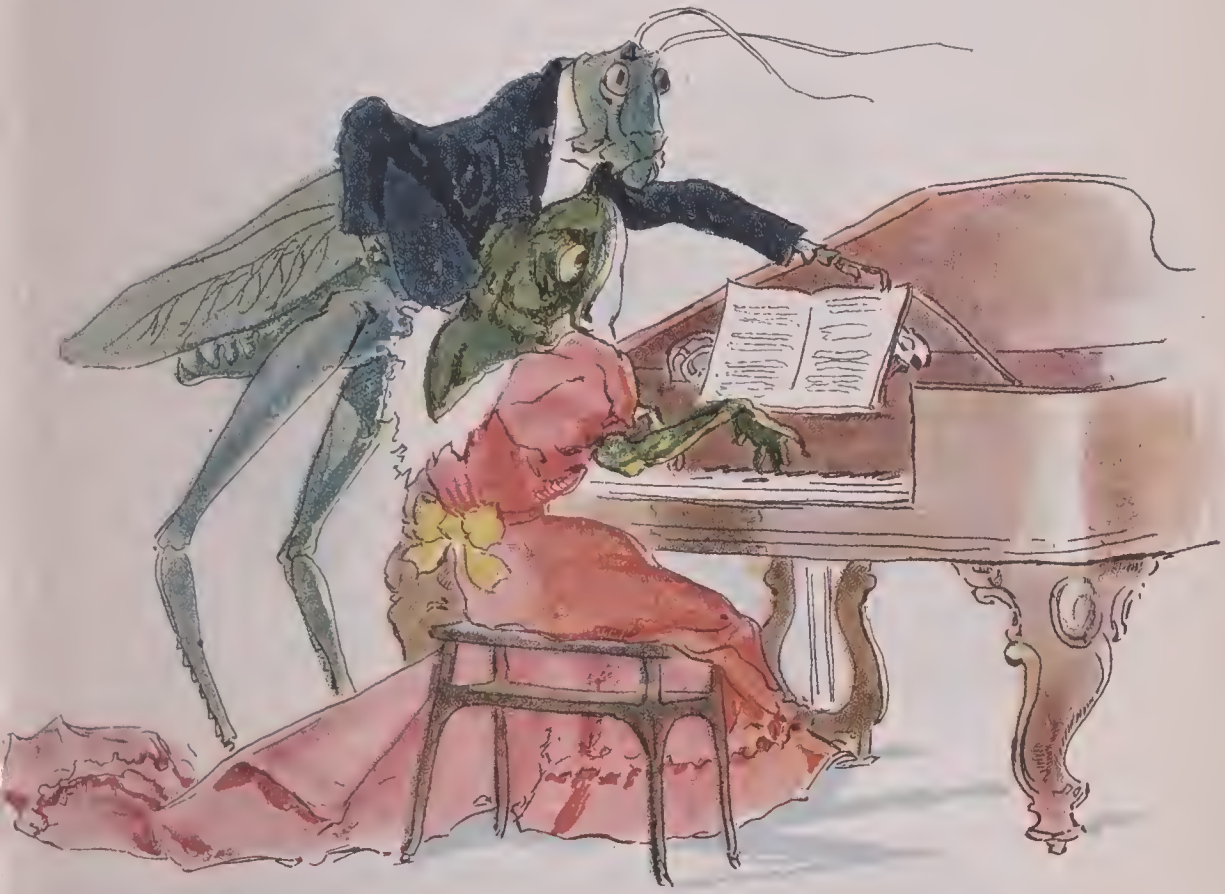
CONCERT IN FROG HOLLOW

CONCERT IN FROG HOLLOW

SIGNOR FROGÓ, a very fine bass,
Waved his baton and looked over the place.
His orchestra choice were all seated below,
With cornet and trombone and fiddle and bow.

SIGNORA FROGÓ began now
to play
The fine grand piano in her ele-
gant way.
Her dress was pink silk, and her
frills and her bows
Set all the girls crazy to copy her
clothes.

"THE first on the program, if
you keep still,
Will be a fine solo by Herr Whip-
poor-will."
This notable singer sang very
high,
He wore yellow gloves and a glass
in one eye.



NOW while he was singing,
Miss Buff and Miss Huff
Tied a string to the feathers of
Chant. I. Cleer's ruff.
This they suddenly pulled; his
mouth opened, and lo!
The fine solo was drowned by a
violent crow.

THE audience cheered and
whistled and clapped,
And mewed and barked and every
wing clapped.
The singer bowed low, but
dropped this remark:
"'T were better some people ne'er
had entered the ark."

THEN Signor Frogó sternly said, "Mr. Owl,
Will you take from this place that terrible fowl?"
So he grasped Chant. I. Cleer by his beautiful ruff,
Midst the giggles of naughty Miss Buff and Miss Huff.

"NOW we 'll have a duet in
very good measure,
Mr. Thomas, Miss Tabby, will
give us the pleasure."
So they stepped on the stage and
sang very loud;
Between each of the verses they
grinned at the crowd.

MR. BUNNY remarked that he
thought them quite sweet.
But Madam just whispered, "See
Tabby's big feet."
Miss Goose heard it all and
giggled with glee;
She tweaked Madam's ear and
said, "I agree."

STILL they sang very loud and
they sang very long—
Pugo Whiskers declared, "We are
tired of their song!"
And they growled their dissent, to
be sure, very low,
But it does n't take long for a
small growl to grow.

MR. THOMAS, Miss Tabby
soon smelled a mouse,
And then there was fun all over
the house.
They forgot their fine manners
and hissed from the stage,
And humped up their backs in a
terrible rage.

THEY jumped over the foot-
lights into the crowd,
The racket grew fiercer, the growl-
ing was loud.
All the rest of the people ran for
the door,
And in just five minutes that con-
cert was o'er.

SO Signor Frogó and Signora
his wife,
Said each never had been so mad
in his life.
They raised an umbrella and
walked off in the rain,
And vowed they would ne'er give
a concert again.

HOW DOROTHY DOLE WENT TO HOUSEKEEPING

HOW DOROTHY DOLE WENT TO HOUSE-KEEPING

IN a lovely garden there was an old pear tree. Several families were living in its branches from tip-top to trunk. Now, another family was making great preparations to settle at its foot, where

the cool shadows fell softly on the green grass. First, a little body's brother came down the garden path, puffing and tugging away, until he had landed a fine, large box. Then he tipped it over on one side and fished out saw and hammer and nails. My! how he

did clatter and bang and make the shavings fly, and saw and plane and squint, until he was nearly cross-eyed! Big Brother's little sister was on hand, looking on, standing first on one foot, then on the other, now on tip-toe to peer over the top, then dancing all around.

"Will that do, Puss?" asked Jack, as he adjusted a fine shelf about half way up the box.

"Oh, that's just lovely!" said Dorothy. "Now I can have an upstairs and downstairs."

Still Jack's good hammer pounded, and soon the "downstairs" was finished off, and there was kitchen and dining-room, and a lovely parlor. But that was n't all. Jack covered walls and ceilings with dainty blue paper with pink rosebuds on it. Then Dorothy Dole's

new house was done. A little bird trilled up in the pear tree: "So nice, so nice—twee, twee! twee—come and see!" Then Dorothy began to move, and the red express to travel from the big house down to the Pear-tree house, with loads and loads of lovely things for housekeeping. A lovely white

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and gold bedroom set for upstairs, and the dearest range with kettles and stew pan and coal scuttle for her kitchen; a lovely sofa and chairs and table for her parlor; and, best and sweetest of all, a dainty pink and white china tea set, complete.

Was n't it fun to arrange all these lovely things in the house that Jack built? After the house was in order, she and the red express began to journey back and forth to move in her family; and there were loads and loads of them. There was Isabel, the wax beauty, Jennie June and Susie May; a

fine boy doll and a worsted clown with red and blue legs. Brownies and rag dolls, an Eskimo, a Chinaman and three little darkies, and calico cats and dogs. Deary me, what a family! each and all dear to the heart of Dorothy Dole. When all had arrived, down

through the rose bushes came Marion Mole, her dearest friend, to visit her.

"I 've come to stay an hour, Dorothy, dear."

"Oh, I 'm so glad! See! I 've just gone to housekeeping. Shall I show you over the house?"

"Oh, is n't it perfectly splendid! A truly upstairs and downstairs and a truly kitchen. It 's just perfect?"

"Let 's play visiting. You live over by the rose bush, and I will invite you to tea. Touch that knot in the wood — play it 's a door bell."

"All right," said Marion. In a moment the *bell rang*.

"Dear Mrs. Mole, I 'm very glad to see you. Will you walk in?" said Dorothy Dole. "My son is being very naughty — will you 'scuse me while I go and shut him in the closet?"

"Certainly, dear. I 'm very sorry. Are your children often bad, Mrs. Dole?" asked Marion, when Dorothy had returned.

"Oh, very, very! Why, I no more than get the darkies whipped and that lazy boy and the clown and Susie May, than I have to

begin at the top of the line and whip them all over again! Oh, I have great trials, Mrs. Mole! Well, I must go and set the table!"

"Could n't I help you, dear?"

"It would be very nice of you, Mrs. Mole."

Was n't that table pretty when it was "set," with all Dorothy's lovely pink and white dishes? Then next they sat down. No, they did n't; for Dorothy ran to the house and brought water for tea and a chocolate cream for a loaf cake, and a marshmallow for white cake. Then all was ready. But

such a time getting the children in their places. Isabel, the wax beauty, fell down and tipped over the sugar bowl. Jennie June put her elbows on the table, the clown turned a somersault and went clean over the table and sat down on his mother's head.

The calico cat and calico dog happened to sit opposite to each other and there was a great "to do." They behaved scandalously. Dorothy Dole looked at them very sternly. She shook one little fat finger. "Get right up from the table, you naughty, bad, wicked dollies! Every one of you go this

instant!" But not a naughty dolly moved. They only looked straight ahead of themselves, and smiled as usual. Then Dorothy Dole arose, bundled them into her apron, and went away and spilled them all on the ground, and said, "There, now!"

Then she sat down again at the table. "It 's a dreffful trial to bring up so many children, Mrs. Mole. Will you have a cup of tea? How will you take it?"

"Cream, if you please, and three sugars."

So Dorothy poured tea into the dainty cups, and they sipped and ate tiny bits of bread and cake, and were very smiling over their little cups, and very, very polite, when suddenly little Dog Dole jumped through the lilac bushes. He was having just the gayest

"Oh, that will be perfectly splendid!" said Dorothy. "How did you ever, ever think of it? Let's do it." And off they ran for the box and the flowers and the piece of black silk to make a bishop. And the naughty little Dog Dole pattered along down the garden path after them, among the rose bushes. Then Marion's hour was up, and the garden was deserted.

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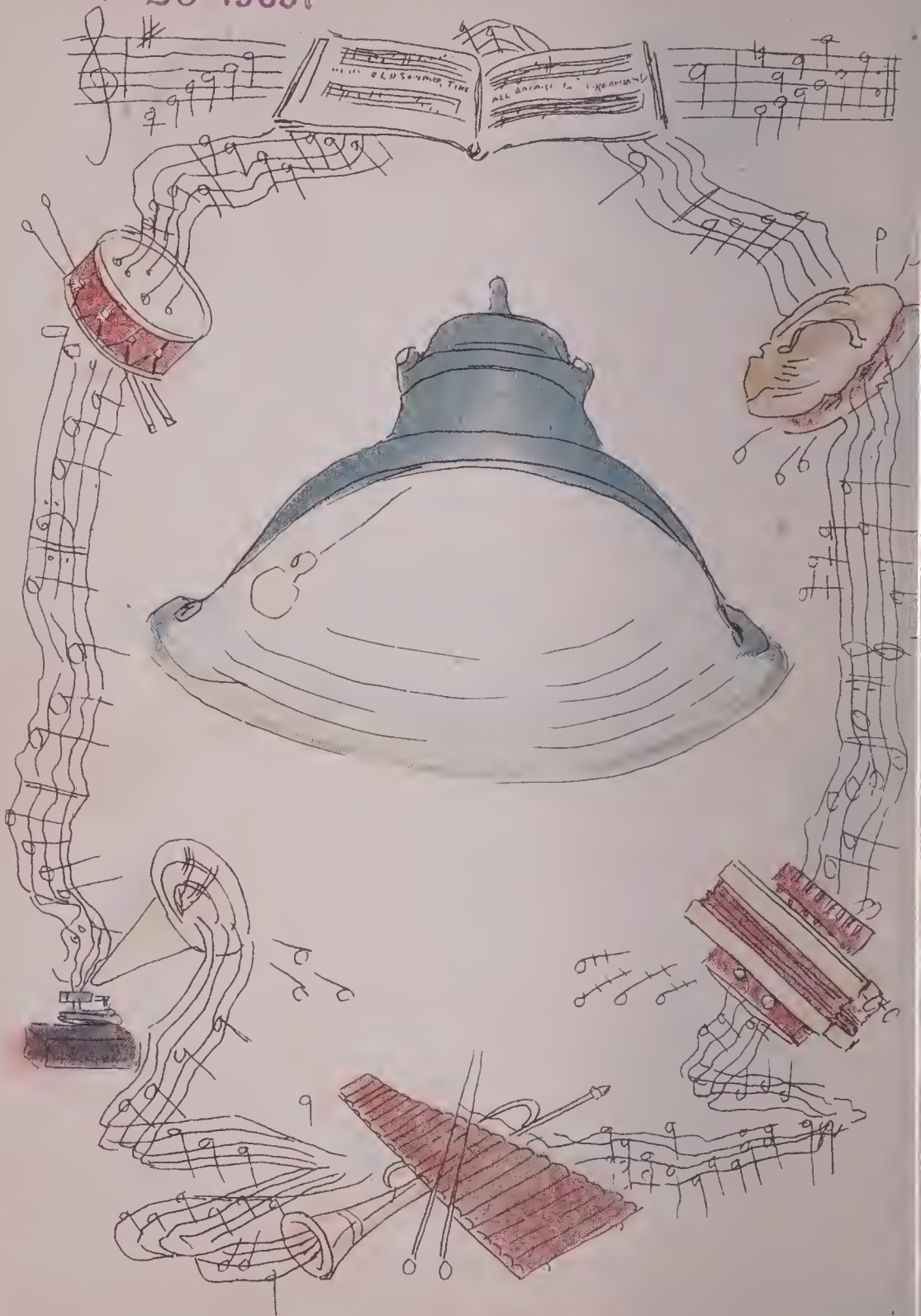

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